



THE

CASKET.

“ With sweetest flowers enrich’d,
From various gardens cull’d with care.”

BY CHARLES CANDID.

VOL. I.

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1812.

No. 7.

PEROUROU ; OR
THE BELLOWS MENDER.

IT was with some concern I heard all these pieces of information. During the four years I had lived in the capital, my constant endeavours to acquire a fortune that might enable me to reclaim the sole object of my labours, had employed all my thoughts. But my stay at Lyons, and the unsuspected evidence of all who mentioned Aurora, awakened those sentiments of affection which were still latent in my heart. The image of a woman whom I had deceived, and yet adored, was perpetually presenting itself to my imagination ; a new ardor of affection inspired me, and I no longer considered my wealth as valuable, unless it was to be divided with another. And my infant !....was I never to clasp him in my arms ? Never to reciprocate the tender caresses of the being that owed its existence to me, or experience that paternal fondness to which I was yet a stranger, but of which my heart felt all the charms. I could no longer endure those cutting reflections, and determined instantly to see Aurora and my boy. One of the engravers, by my orders, got together the creditors of Aurora’s father, and paid off all their demands. I likewise enjoined him to re-purchase some particular articles which had been sold, and which from long usage were much valued by Aurora ; and this commission he found not difficult to execute.

The banker, who had given me so satisfactory an account of my wife, was a man in very general estimation. Him I determined to make my confidant, and to let him into all my views and designs. I knew that his name of itself would be sufficient to surmount every obstacle that might lie in my way. He had an elegant country seat on the romantic shores of the Rhine. I requested an interview with him in some retired place, and having obtained his promise of inviolable secrecy,“Until this moment,” said I, “you have seen in me nothing more than a merchant who is indebted for his well earned fortune to his talents and probity alone. My fate has obliged me to assume a sort of disguise, to conceal myself from those whose esteem I most value. I have deceived a worthy woman; you are acquainted with one half of my history, and it is necessary that the remainder should be disclosed. You behold in me that unfortunate bellows mender, who was selected by a set of young rakes as the instrument of their resentment....” At this unexpected disclosure, my friend seemed struck with surprise, and it was easy for me to read in his countenance the agitation of his mind. “I am indebted to nature,” continued I, “for some qualities which reflection and education have expanded. The generosity of my friends and accident together have done the rest. You have spoken to me of Aurora with approbation: I am on the point of leaving Lyons, but I assure you I will not quit it without her. My good friend, you enjoy the esteem and confidence of the public, become mediator, and I will stand indebted to you for the happiness of the rest of my life.”

When my friend had recovered from his surprise, he assured me he had no doubt but the reconciliation I so ardently desired might readily be brought about. I am honored, added he, with the friendship of the Abbess of the convent in which your wife resides. It is the proper hour, and we are near the city, let us push on our horses, and we shall soon be able to settle those difficulties with Aurora, in person, which oppose your re-union. I agreed to all he said, and was now as eager for an in-

interview as I had once been to get away from her; and I felt an eager desire to see and embrace my son.

We were announced at the gate of the convent, the banker under his real name, and myself as one of the first merchants of Paris. We were admitted. What a scene was presented to my eyes! Aurora, the charming Aurora, in all the effulgence of beauty, was seated by the venerable Abbess. A child, or rather a Cupid, was reposing on her lap, and seemed so wholly to engage the attention of his mother, that she hardly returned our salutation in the usual terms of civility. The instant she cast her eyes upon me, I perceived, by her suddenly starting up, that my presence recalled certain disagreeable ideas to her mind; but, being introduced by a man whom she knew, and presented to her as the head of one of the first houses of trade in Paris, all suspicion vanished as the evening came on, and Aurora was far from recognising her husband in the opulent stranger. My friend began the conversation with some vague remarks relative to my speedy departure, dwelt on the extent of my commercial connexions, and asked the Abbess if she had not some orders for me to execute in the capital. While he was speaking the infant awoke, and the sight of a stranger, instead of occasioning surprise or alarm, made him smile. After attentively looking on us both, as if undetermined which of the two to commence acquaintance with, he came towards me. O, reader, only imagine to yourself my thoughts, my feelings when I received the tender embraces and the delicious kisses of my boy. An irresistible transport of joy impelled me to clasp him in my arms, and kneel with him at the feet of my wife. Pale and trembling, I exclaimed,.....“Aurora, Aurora, your child, your son asks forgiveness for his father!.....While I spoke these words with a faltering tongue, Aurora grasped the child in her arms. She viewed us with inexpressible concern, and seemed sinking under the conflict. The Abbess supported her; she revived; the infant clung to her, and endeavored as it were to soften her into forgiveness. At length a torrent of tears drowned the face of

Aurora. The child not being able to account for his mother's crying, added his plaintive moans to the emotions of my heart. "Pardon, pardon," exclaimed I, "you must forgive me, Aurora!".....She answered me by throwing herself into my arms. "I cannot tell," said she, "whether you mean to deceive once more or not; but your child pleads too strongly in your favor for deception to exist. From this day you may consider your wife as your own." She pressed me to her beating heart, and we remained a few minutes without the power of utterance. The transports of our joy, the caresses of the child, the tears of my friend, and the place itself we were in, seemed to heighten the exstasy. "My children," said the good Abbess, casting the moist eye of sensibility upon us, "you have both done your duty. The gentleman betrays too many emotions to be an imposter; and maternal affection is too strong in Aurora, henceforward to render her subservient to inordinate pride. And may the union you have renewed in so feeling a manner in my presence, be happier, far happier than the first. May you long enjoy that felicity which virtue alone can render durable."

To be concluded in our next.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Casket.

MR. CANDID,

BY the request of an old friend, I have transcribed, for publication, such part as is thought proper, of a letter which I have lately received from a gentleman in the country.

T. A.

TO TIMOTHY AIMWELL.

"Claverack, Jan. 10, 1812.

"Dear Friend.I am an old fellow, whom many people call "an ill-natured hunk," and many other hard names, because I sometimes enveigh against modern fashions and manners, and scold the young bucks for their fopperies, and young girls for their idleness; but, above all, because I am a Bachelor; yet, I am good

natured in the main. The damsels will hold down their heads when I meet them, and the young fellows will go round half a mile, rather than come in my way—and all this because I am an old bachelor. Zounds, sir, if I was not the best natured old fellow in the whole world, I should be out of all patience. I ask ! hath not a bachelor eyes, ears, organs, dimensions, and feelings like other men?—and is he to be set up as a scare-crow, because he has thought proper not to make a fool of himself—by marrying? Let me tell you, Mr. Aimwell, these things ought not to be ; especially where a man has been jilted, deceived, and bamboozled as I have been.

“ My object, therefore, in addressing you thus, is for you, if you please, to communicate to *Mr. Candid*, that if perchance some of my friends may see that I become an Old Bachelor, not from choice but necessity ; and for this purpose I will lay before them a short history of my “ hair-breadths ’scapes ” and woful disappointments.

“ When I was about five and twenty, I fell in love, and that soundly too, with Miss Sally Prudence ; as it was the first love,—and as I had read Novels, of course, I considered myself as *in for it*, for life, and made up my mind, to win her or die, and so I might, perhaps, if she had not got the start of me and died first. This was my first disappointment in love, and I solaced myself by thinking it might be all for the best.

“ My second addresses were paid to a young lady in your city, whose name I have forgotten. She rattled the keys of a Piano Forte like thunder—had worked Marmontel’s *Shepherdess of the Alps*, and Sterne’s *Maria* in satin. In short, sir, she was possessed of the sum total of fine lady accomplishments. I mounted my poetical cart-horse, and run down a sonnet in her praise in ten minutes. This furnished me an introduction, which I took every opportunity to improve. Things went on swimmingly, and might soon have come to a conclusion, had not my adorable, told me my “ attention was too particular,” and sent me one evening a note in which many of the words were barbarously misspelt. This incident shook the castle of my affections, and soon tum-

bled down "five hundred fathoms deep," with a mighty crash—when one night by accident, I found she had kept up a correspondence with another gentleman, during the whole time I paid her visits. I threw my sonnet in the fire—whistled "bullibulliro"—sat down and read Juvenal's sixth satire, and in three hours after was as well as could be expected.

"This lady has, undoubtedly, since thrown a veil over her face, and slyly stepped behind the curtain, and tells the sad misfortunes of "Eliza Junior."

"I was determined to try fortune again; mixed much in society, and became an absolute beau. But, reasoned I, as I am but five and thirty, there is no occasion to be in such a hurry; I will examine and compare—I may yet find a woman who is not clothed with "deliberate deception." Then I was, in the space of four years, three times on the eve of declaring myself to as many different ladies—but as my evil star would have it, just as I arrived at that awful crisis of popping the question, some less scrupulous or more ardent lover would step in, and bear away the lady before my eyes.

"By this time I had insensibly slid down into the valley of departed youth; my grey hairs, and the opening furrows of my cheeks, warned me, it was time to think of other pursuits than that of a wife. I took the hint, like a wise man—quitted, forever, the gay world, and commenced country gentleman. In this retreat, I might live contented, were it not for the detestable name of
"OLD BACHELOR."

REMARKS.

Mr. F****, you say, you "became an Old Bachelor, not from choice but necessity;" which is a frail reason for what you pretend—and a sad, but unreasonable story for a gentleman to tell. It is whispered me,

The mouse that has but one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

With esteem, I am yours, &c.

TIMOTHY AIMWELL.

For the Casket.

IT is thought, by many people of the present age, that persons born of low parentage, are unqualified and unfit for promotion to any station of honor in the world; and that those persons laboring under this disadvantage, ought not to be esteemed equal with the affluent, who can boast of a more honorable parentage; allowing their abilities equal, if not superior, to their competitors. It is a strange prejudice, natural to human nature, to despise others from their childhood to middle and even old age, merely for their want of fortune. How often do we see men of talents and abilities rejected on that ground, among every class of people. We find, however, many who have risen above their obscurity and in spite of prejudice, become men of eminence in the world.

History relates an immense number who have risen from the most abject condition in life to the greatest characters on the theatre of action. It would not only be imprudent but impossible for me to relate all their names. I will, however, mention a few, in order to authenticate the fact, that men of talents and abilities ought not to be despised for their want of affluence; and that it often happens they possess a brighter genius, than those who are brought up in opulence and idleness.

Valentinian, emperor of the Romans, was the son of a rope-maker. Servius Tullian, received the name of Servius from his being the son of a bond-woman. Hugo Capet, king of France, (first king of that name,) was the son of a butcher. Conguis, or Conguis Chan, was a brasier or blacksmith, yet came to be law-giver to the Scythians. These specimens are sufficient to prove the above assertion, though many of the modern as well as ancient might be mentioned.

Pride is the sole cause of this antipathy against those, who we suppose are not our equals. Pride is a weakness of human nature, and to suppose that any person exists without it, is to suppose an impossibility: true, it shows itself more in some than in others; still we have, nearly all of us the same degree of pride. Some take pride in fine dress, while others take equally as much in appearing sloven.

Could we but rise above this weakness, and crush the first emotions of the *evil spirit*, how happy it would be for us. Could we but substitute meekness and affability instead of pride, it would tend much more to our own happiness and that of society. To enjoy a meek and affable spirit, is to enjoy a great blessing. The meek man eats his bread in peace, while the opulent man is continually fretting and frowning. He despises the poor, because they are unequal in estate, and envies his superiors because they are more esteemed than himself.

Many of our fashionable *Belles* and *Beaux* ridicule others, perhaps, of more merit than themselves, merely because they are either unable or unwilling to follow every idle fashion, and whim-wham of the day. Decency of dress and behaviour, becomes every one; but to be superfluous and extravagant is unnecessary. To appear too gaudy in dress, or too genteel in manners, renders one ridiculous. The god of Nature has endowed us with a reasonable mind, which we ought to improve to good advantage; but if we neglect this duty, so incumbent upon us, we abuse the blessing bestowed on us by our great benefactor. It is to be lamented, by every candid and sedate mind, that so much pride and vice has crept into the world. Many customs and fashions have become both indecent, ridiculous, and injurious to society; that religion and good morals are so much neglected, and vice fostered by many in the world. It is hoped, however, a reformation will take place, and that we may become *more* modest and *less* genteel.

ANGELICUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HOPEWELL" shall have a place in the Casket.

"M," is advised to keep his rhymes to himself.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Prentice, Mr. Edward C. Thurston to Miss Eliza Van Vredenburgh.



APOLONIAN WREATH.

FOR THE CASKET.

AN ODE

To the Author of "WILLIAM AND ELLEN:"

By a Lady.

I. SISTERS, tell me, if you can,
What has tam'd my spirits wild;
Tell me if you know the man
Who befriends the "helpless child."
Have your eyes the minstrel seen?
Is he of commanding mien?
Will his glance inkindle fire
In the breast of pure desire?
Or does my Fancy on an April show'r
Depict the rainbow-beauty of an hour?

II. Surely, I could paint his face,
I could imitate his air;
Yes, he moves with manly grace,
Deck'd with most poetic hair;
Yes, his soul was made to love
Men below, and saints above:
He was form'd by high emprise
On the hill of fame to rise;
And his be bliss, for all the Loves decide
A maid like Ellen shall become his bride.

III. Never tell me I am bold,
Never whisper he is old;
Nor persuade me he has led
Ellen to the bridal bed:
For by night his spirit came,
Wafted on the dove of fame;
Yes, it sought my resting place,
Wings of down flit o'er my face;

My bosom warm,
 Bleak blew the storm,
 The dove I fondly prest
 On fellow-down to rest,
 Nor thought it harm,
 Till morning taught me doves of fame can dart
 A thousand arrows to the melting heart. URANIA.

The following tender and beautiful stanzas are copied from a late London Courier. They cannot fail to warm the finest feelings of the human heart. The lover of chaste and delicate poetry, the fond parent, and the pious christian, will each peruse them with peculiar interest and delight.—Coop. Fed.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD AT DAY-BREAK.

BY THE LATE REV. R. CECIL.

"Let me go for the day breaketh."

Cease here longer to detain me ;
 Fondest mother drown'd in wo ;
 Now thy kind caresses pain me,
 Morn advances—let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing !
 Harbinger of endless day :
 Hark ! a voice the darkness cheering,
 Calls my new-born soul away.

Lately launch'd a trembling stranger,
 On the world's wide boisterous flood,
 Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
 Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
 Now my trembling heart find rest :
 Kinder arms than thine receive me,
 Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
 Upward turning toward their home ;
 Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
 While they wait to see thee come.

There my Mother, pleasures centre—
 Weeping, Parting, Care, or Wo,
 Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
 Morn advances—let me go.

As through this calm, this holy dawning,
 Silent glides my parting breath,
 To an everlasting morning—
 Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings endless, richest blessings,
 Pour their streams upon thy heart!
 (Though no language yet possessing)
 Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
 Though again his voice I hear;
 Rise! may every grace attend thee,
 Rise! and seek to meet me there.

ORATOR PUFF.

BY ANACREON MOORE.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice
 The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so*;
 In each sentence he utter'd, he gave you your choice,
 For one half was B alt and the rest G below.

Oh! Oh! Orator Puff,
 One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his *ups* and his *downs*;
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say
 "My voice is for war," asked him "*which* of them pray?"
 Oh! Oh! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top heavy with gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the wight of the crown,
 He tripp'd near a saw pit, and tumbled right in,
 "Sinking Fund," the last words as his noddle came
 Oh! Oh! &c. [down.

"Good Lord?" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
 "Help me out—help me out—I have broken my bones!"

"Help you out!" said a Paddy, who pass'd, "what a brother!

"Why there's *two* of you there—can't you help one another?"

Oh! Oh! &c.

—*:*:*:*—
THE FLY AND LOVER.

The wanton fly in sportive glee,
Around the candle plays;
Nor does it once its danger see,
Till caught within the blaze.

Unthinking that this blaze contain'd
The principles of death;
It flutter'd hard but ne'er regain'd
Its quick exhausted breath.

So Jemmy rose with hasty pace,
To clasp the glowing Fair,
Seal'd to her lips a sweet embrace,
And found a fatal snare.

—*—
EPIGRAM.

Do you, said Fanny t'other day,
In earnest love me as you say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—
She stopp'd me at the oath I took,
And cried, youv'e sworn, now kiss the book.

~~~~~  
HUDSON:

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